

Iron County Register.

By M. D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI

The "Idle Minute" Book.

By Mary E. Wilkins.

ANGELINE was a young girl more than 200 years ago, when young girls led very different lives from the girls of to-day. All about the people were food and apparel and warmth and light in the crude state, but their utilization depended upon the unceasing individual effort of women as well as of men, of children as well as of adults. This struggle with inanimate things—the rocks of the New England fields, the great trees and strong undergrowth of the virgin forests—necessitated constant industry. It was war to the knife between man and all the other kingdoms of nature, and the knife could not be for an instant laid down, or there was a vantage point lost which could never be regained.

Thus it happened that Angeline had her "Idle Minute" book. It was a rude affair, for paper was scanty and coarse in those days, but Angeline considered her book very dainty. It was tied with blue lustrous ribbon, and there was never a blot on the pages, which were covered with the record in the finest, most accurately cramped chirography.

Angeline used to look at it and think what a pity it was that the record was of such a disgraceful nature. Her eldest sister, Mary Ann, had first suggested keeping it to her mother, Mrs. Jehoram Littlefield was married when she was only 15, and was hardly 16 years older than Mary Ann, and so made a confidante of her eldest daughter. There were three girls and three boys between Mary Ann and Angeline, who was 15.

"She is as old as I was when I was married," Mrs. Littlefield said to Mary Ann. "And only to think how much work I used to turn off, and look at Angeline! I declare, sometimes it doesn't seem as if she could be my daughter. Why, my linen chest was filled to the brim with my own work by the time I was 14, and only look at the blankets and quilts! And I used to make all the candles and soap for the family."

"Angeline seems to me sometimes as if she was good for nothing as far as work is concerned. She does not seem to have any idea of the responsibility which her birth has brought upon her. She is nothing but a child. I have had the minister talk with her, and her father has talked, and I have talked, and you have talked, and none of it has seemed to do a mite of good. She seems to me to be just a child, and she never loses her temper when she is talked to; sometimes I wish she did. I don't know but it would make her have a little more spunk."

"There, this morning she was late to breakfast again, and breakfast was late, too—four o'clock, when it is usually half past three! I gave her a good faithful talking to, and it wasn't half an hour before I sent her up to make the beds. When she didn't come down I went up after her, and found her sitting by the window, staring out at that red maple tree in the yard, and doing nothing at all."

"Then it was that Mary Ann suggested the Idle Minute book, and her mother grasped at the idea eagerly. She was so honestly anxious about her little daughter that she took it to her very heart. 'Maybe it will set her to thinking,' she said. So that very day Mary Ann made the book, and Mrs. Littlefield gave it into Angeline's keeping."

"Now, Angeline," said she, "here is a little book which your sister Mary Ann has made for you, and you are to keep in it a record of all the idle minutes which you spend every day. We hope, dear child, that it may help you to amend your ways, and not waste so much of the precious time which God has given you."

Mrs. Jehoram Littlefield, for all she was such a capable and industrious woman, was very gentle and soft-spoken. Her sweet voice faltered as she made that address to Angeline, and as for Angeline, she fairly burst into repentant tears.

"O mother, I will try to do better!" she said, as she took the Idle Minute book.

"Well," said her mother, "put the book away carefully; then go out into the yard and stir the soap-kettle. And tell Mary Ann to come in and do the spinning before dinner."

So Angeline obediently put her book away, and went out into the yard where the great soap-kettle was hung over a fire which was lashed one way like a red flag by the wind.

"Mother says that you are to go into the house and spin, Mary Ann, and I am to stir the soap," said Angeline.

"Well, be careful you don't let it burn," replied Mary Ann, and yielded up her stirring-stick somewhat dubiously to Angeline. Then she went into the house to her spinning rather wearily.

Mary Ann was herself old enough to be Angeline's mother, and had a pretty, gentle, sad face. All the other sisters were married, but Mary Ann had been disappointed in a tragic way. Three years before the young man whom she was to have married had been taken prisoner by the Indians, in a raid upon the border settlement of Deerfield, where he was staying at the time with his uncle; and nothing had since been heard from him. His uncle's family had all perished, and everybody believed that the young man, whose name was Joseph Wyatt, had died in captivity.

Angeline used often to think with pity of Mary Ann's disappointment, although she hardly knew what it signified. She had never had any lover of her own. Her reputation for idleness was rather against her for one thing. Young men in those days thought twice before they mar-

ried a girl who was not industrious. It would surely mean discomfort, and it might mean starvation.

But Angeline had always liked Joseph, and she was very fond of Mary Ann. She thought, as she took up the soap-stick and began to stir carefully one way, that Mary Ann was looking sadder than usual. And Angeline determined, in order to please her sister, to be so industrious that she would not have to put down a single entry in the Idle Minute book.

But the yard was full of those wonderful rosy and golden maple trees; and presently Angeline cast a glance up into the shifting radiance of one over her head. Then the stick moved more slowly. Then she smelled more slowly still. And the upshot of it was, the soap caught on the kettle, and Angeline had to make her first entry in her Idle Minute book that night to the effect that she had wasted at least 30 minutes, and burned the soap.

The next day it was no better. She had spent two hours of idle minutes when they were carefully computed. Angeline was very conscientious about the truth, if not about industry, and she never dreamed of not writing down the full extent of her sins of omission. The book promised to be well filled; not a day passed but she made her poor despondent little entries.

"I can't see that the book is doing her a mite of good," Mrs. Littlefield told Mary Ann. "She writes in it faithfully every night, but she is just as idle as ever. She had the book in October, and here it is the last of December, and she has not improved at all. She spent an hour and a half staring up in the sky to see the snow fall to-day, when I had set her to piecing that blazing-stark quilt."

Angeline overheard what her mother said. She had gone to bed in her little unfinished chamber, and they were in the living room below, but as the flooring was thin and there was no carpet, the conversation was quite audible.

"Maybe she ain't feeling well," said her father. Angeline's father always took her up per part. He had rather a dreamy and poetic temperament himself, and the times were not a comfortable fit for him. He had struggled hard with Angeline's besetting sin in his youth, and only the sore exigencies of his daily life had enabled him to conquer it.

When Angeline heard his reply, out of her bed she popped into the freezing room, and put her mouth to the floor. "No, it is not because I am sick, father," she said, bravely; "it is because I am idle and wicked." Then she knelt down and prayed awhile before she climbed back into bed.

"She is a good child," her father below said in a careful whisper, but Mrs. Littlefield shook her head sadly.

"It has got to be works as well as faith," she returned. She spoke very softly, but her daughter heard her.

Angeline resolved that the very next day she would not have to make a single entry in the Idle Minute book, and she began very well. She worked untiringly all the morning—and the morning began by candle-light, for she had put three by high noon she had accomplished great things. She had dipped candles, she had hatched, she had carded, she had spun, she had polished brasses and pewter, she had knitted, besides preparing all the vegetables for the boiled dinner.

Her mother and Mary Ann looked approvingly and kindly at her, and Angeline began to have a glow of self-confidence and gratulation. But, alas! it lasted only until after dinner. When she dishes had been washed, Mrs. Littlefield went out to chop wood in a distant woodland, and Mrs. Littlefield and Mary Ann went over to Grandmother Littlefield's, one carrying her knitting-work, the other her tapeloom. Angeline was left to spin two skeins of yarn before they returned.

She spun unremittently for half an hour; then she began to flag. She looked over her shoulder out of the window, and gazed out; then she settled down on a stool beside it, rested her two hands on the sill, and sank into one of those half reveries which seemed to be her natural state, and which was so unlike the fierce industry of all those about her. It was a beautiful winter day; that is, a beautiful day in look. It was bitterly cold, but there was a diamond-like sparkle of earth and air, for even the blue depth of sky seemed to glitter with points of light from the intense frost. The snow was frozen in glittering billows, and the trees were clad in brilliant mail of ice.

The day before there had been a snow storm which had changed to rain in the night, then the cold had increased, and still increased, ever since dawn; everything was frozen.

Angeline looked out at the wonderful radiance until she could stay in the house no longer. "I can run out a minute, and have time to finish my stent when I return," said to herself.

She pinned her homespun blanket over her head, and ran out of the house. Then she made her way over the glittering snowcrust, running and sliding, facing the gusts of north wind with glee which even the prickings of her conscience could not subdue. She knew that she was doing wrong, she knew that she should have to make a most disgraceful entry in her Idle Minute book, but she could not help enjoying her communion with that wonderful winter day. As for the cold, a girl brought up in a house heated only by a hearth fire in one room, with all the other rooms full of the blue gloom of frost, did not think much about that, as long as she had her warm homespun blanket and could keep up her swift pace.

She left the highway and struck into the bridle-path through the woods; the icy boughs hung low over her head and the icy herbage crackled under her swift feet. Angeline's cheeks glowed, her eyes shone; she knew, according to the stern belief of the times, that she was tasting the sweets of sin by neglecting her

tasks, and yet she kept on, and realized that the sin was sweet.

She had not been out-of-doors for nearly a week, not since she had gone to meeting the Sunday before. Angeline never went out-of-doors in the winter, unless she was sent on an errand or bound for meeting.

She went farther and farther into the woods. Everything was silent, except for the occasional chatter of a squirrel or the note of a partridge. Once a rabbit crossed her path. There were some wild beasts, which might be dangerous, in the woods, but Angeline did not think of that. She had small imagination for evil.

All at once, as she sped along, the silence was broken by a far-off cry, and she stopped and listened. Her first thought was that it must be a wolf or a wildcat; it sounded a little like a wildcat. Presently it came again; it was very distant and very faint, but her heart was drawn to it, frequent sound of her day and generation, recognized it. It was a human cry for help.

Angeline did not stop to think what a young girl all alone could do to aid a man, possibly, even probably, beset by wolves or, although that was doubtful, by Indians. She raised an answering cry in her clear young voice, and set off at the top of her speed.

From time to time she stopped and listened for the feeble cry, which sounded nearer and nearer; then she sped on again. She ran as she had never run before. She was thankful when she came to open spaces, where she could take long strides over the glassy snow. At last she saw ahead something which made her heart leap; a dark heap on the snow bled, and a bridge of blood, the strange and unmistakable huddle of human helplessness.

Angeline went up to the man, who was lying quite still and no longer crying out for help. She bent over him and turned his face, fearfully, toward the light. It was Joseph Wyatt. He was emaciated and haggard; his thin face was overspread with a wild stubble of beard; but she knew him.

She caught him by the shoulders and shook him with all her young strength. She knew that if he lay there motionless longer in the bitter cold his fate was sealed.

"Joseph! Joseph!" she shrieked at him. "Joseph, don't you know me?" Then she shook him again, and he opened his poor eyes and looked unseeing at her, and that was all.

Angeline looked at him in a frenzy. She did not know what to do. She could not by herself carry him to shelter, but if she left him there he was lost. She shook him again. She rubbed his hands violently, but all with very little avail.

Finally she grew desperate. She thought quickly. She remembered that her father was at work not far from there, if she could cross the woods instead of following the path. Stripping off her homespun blanket, she bound it securely over the freezing man's head and shoulders. Then off came the thick wool skirt of her gown, and that she fastened around his feet.

Then she took hold of two ends of the blanket which she had left loose at the top of his head, and started dragging him, picking the smoothest way that she could, bending forward almost to the ground with the strain, but never once giving up.

It was well that Angeline came of sturdy ancestors, for she needed all her strength that day. She often stopped to examine the young man and make sure that she was not injuring him by that rough progress, but the thick blanket protected him well, and sometimes she broke off branches of undergrowth which were in the way.

At last she heard the sound of her father's ax and gave one cry: "O father! father! father!" Then she sank to the ground beside Joseph Wyatt, for her strength was gone.

She remembered only dimly afterward what her father said and did when he came running up her sleeve bareheaded, in her sack and quilted petticoat. She always had a vision of him going homeward carrying on his back the poor young man who had escaped from the Canadian Indians and found his way home through incredible hardships, and of herself trailing weakly behind him.

She came to her full senses afterward, when Joseph Wyatt was tucked away in the great feather bed in the fore-room, and his father and mother and Mary Ann, who looked ten years younger since morning, were flying back and forth with bowls of hot herb tea and warming-pans, and such joy was in the house that it seemed fairly to illuminate it even after the evening shadows had fallen.

Mary Ann came and held Angeline's smooth, brown head against her sleeve and shoulder, and her sack and quilt. "He would have died if it hadn't been for you, Angeline," she said.

"Yes, he would, and after all he had been through to get here!" said her mother, tearfully. As for Joseph Wyatt's father and mother, they could not make enough of Angeline; but all the time, in the midst of her delight and thankfulness that she had been able to save Joseph Wyatt's life, there was a little, tiny, incessant prick of her conscience.

When the house was quiet at last, and she was about to go to bed, she went to the old desk and got her Idle Minute book. Then she looked dubiously at her mother and Mary Ann, this little maid who had never been able to fit her feet quite comfortably into the narrow Puritan track of life.

"I suppose I must put down at least three hours of idle minutes," she said. Then Mary Ann, although such impetuosity was not usual in the household, had her sister in her arms, kissing her wildly. "Give me the book!" she cried.

And Mary Ann, leaning over the desk, wrote with a tremulous hand in the Idle Minute book: On this day Angeline Littlefield did the greatest extent of work which has ever been done in this house, and ever will be, for the body is more than raiment, and life is more than food. And this is the end of the Idle Minute book."

—Youth's Companion.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the 15 years from 1885 to 1900 the number of physicians in Germany increased from 13,764 to 27,374.

At Eucla, in Australia, a subterranean lake has been found at a depth of 300 feet, with a comparatively inexhaustible supply of water.

Among the "accidents" reported in Austria recently was the case of a workman who walked along the road smoking a pipe, with a 50-pound bag of gunpowder on his back!

By offering King Menelik eight per cent of the proceeds, Italian capitalists have succeeded in securing the exclusive privilege of working the gold mines of western Ethiopia for 50 years.

Oberammergau used to be deserted by tourists except in the years of the Passion performances. It is now becoming a regular summer resort, about 500 persons having spent the hot months there this year.

The recent large vineyard in France recall the years 1874 and 1875, when wine was so abundant that it was given to the horses. It was claimed that if oats were soaked in wine the horses would need only half the usual quantity for the same amount of work.

In the recent British naval maneuvers Admiral Lord Charles Beresford introduced a complete innovation. In the event of a contest at sea the commander in chief and his second in command being killed, without spare admirals no one would be left with experience in maneuvering a whole fleet. Lord Charles, during a whole week, caused the fleet under his command to be maneuvered by the various captains, with the result that valuable experience was gained all round.

NAVAL BATTLE ON HORSEBACK

One of the Most Remarkable Incidents of Modern Warfare Ever Recorded.

Gen. Paez was the first president of the republic of Venezuela, and to him perhaps, more than to any other man, with the exception of Simon Bolivar, Venezuela owes her independence. Paez was a lancer—cowboy—on the llanos or plains of the Orinoco, and at the age of 18 was superintendent of a large cattle estate. One of the most remarkable incidents of modern warfare, in which Paez played the principal part, is chronicled in Mr. W. E. Curtis' book on Venezuela.

Gen. Paez is the only man who ever fought a naval battle on horseback. With his cavalry he actually attacked and captured a fleet of ships.

While Bolivar was trying to cross the Apure river with his army during the struggle for independence, he was prevented by a half-dozen or more of Spanish gunboats, which anchored in the stream and moved up and down as he did.

"I would give the world to have possession of that flotilla," exclaimed he to his friends, who had risen to the second in command, "for I can never cross the river as long as it is there! If it belonged to us, instead of to the enemy, the crossing would be an easy matter."

"I will have those fleechers (ships), or die!" exclaimed Paez; and calling upon his llaneros—his regiment of cowboys—said: "Let those follow Tio who dare!"

"Tio" was the pet name by which Paez was known among his reckless followers, but he never used it himself except in an emergency.

He spurred his stallion into the stream, followed by 3,000 llaneros, and their horses, which are taught to swim as well as gallop, carried them directly to the gunboats.

It was night. The Spanish fleet was taken entirely unawares. The llaneros clambered from their saddles to the decks of the vessels, and then their horses swam back to shore. Thus, after cutting off their own retreat, it was a question of win or die. They fought desperately, and every vessel was captured.

GOOD FOR FAT AND LEAN.

The Doctor Prescribed the Same for Both Fleshy and Thin Persons.

The pretty stenographer had never worked for a physician before, says the Philadelphia Record, and hence, when on the first morning office hours began she settled back in her chair to listen with as much interest as though she were at a matinee.

The first patient was a young man whose padded coat had concealed the narrowness of his shoulders and the weakness of his chest. He was a very puny young man indeed.

"Doctor," he said, "I want to get fat. I want to resemble a man rather than a lead pencil. I want to wear a bathing suit without shame."

The physician answered: "Rise at seven o'clock and exercise an hour. Eat a cold bath and for breakfast have no coffee or sweets. Get a two hours' walk during the day and sleep at least nine hours a night. Don't smoke. If you follow these directions you'll gain ten pounds in a month."

After the thin young man had gone a fat young woman entered.

"Doctor," she said, "make me thin. Take off most of this too solid flesh. Let me wear a straight front like other girls."

The doctor prescribed: "Rise at seven o'clock and exercise an hour. Then take a cold bath and for breakfast have no coffee or sweets. Get a two hours' walk during the day and sleep at least nine hours every night. You'll lose ten pounds a month if you obey me."

The patient left and the stenographer asked the doctor how it was he prescribed for leanness and for fatness the same thing.

"Because," he said, "that thing is exercise and exercise makes you right. It makes you as you are too thin, stouter, and if you are too stout, thinner. It is the only remedy I have confidence in."

Headache and Indigestion.
If you could be as blind to other people's blessings as we are to our own, we certainly should not have so much headache and probably not so much indigestion.—Brooklyn Life.

GREAT SWIMMING FEATS.

Achievements with Which That of Leander of Old Does Not Compare.

Leander, who used nightly to swim the Hellespont to meet his lady love, is probably the first long-distance swimmer of whom there is any definite record, though the Hellespont would not be thought a very formidable strait by a modern athlete, as it is only about a mile across. The strength of the current there, however, renders it impossible for even a boat to cross in a direct line, and Lord Byron, who in 1810 swam the Hellespont in company with Lieut. Ekenhead, actually covered a distance of about four miles. Among the Romans, Horatius, who swam the Tiber after his heroic feat in keeping Lars Porsena and his army at bay, can hardly be reckoned among long-distance swimmers, as the river is only about 100 yards across, says the Chicago Daily News.

Presently the first attempt ever made to swim the English channel was in 1872, when Johnson, known as the "hero of London bridge," started from Dover. The cold of the water, however, was so intense that he was obliged to give in after a comparatively short distance, but he is said to have covered seven miles in 65 minutes. The next effort was that by the famous Capt. Webb three years later. The first long-distance swimming feat of Capt. Webb was his heroic attempt when on board the Cunard liner the Russia, to save a seaman who had fallen overboard in mid-Atlantic. His next exploit was his 20-mile swim from Blackwell to Gravesend, a distance he accomplished in a few minutes under five hours.

Then on August 12, 1875, he made his last attempt to cross the channel, which ended in failure. On August 24 he again started, leaving Dover at one o'clock. A wind arose and the sea roughened, and only his indomitable pluck enabled him to keep up the struggle. He finally landed at Calais at 10:40 a. m., after being in the water 21 hours and 5 minutes. His success made him a popular hero, he was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm wherever he went, and unfortunately it must to some extent be reckoned the indirect cause of his tragic death in 1883, in his wild attempt to swim the Niagara rapids.

The next channel swim was by Davis Dalton, an American, who started from Boulogne at four o'clock on August 17, 1889. That night was cold and rainy, and the tide drifted him considerably out of his course, but it was claimed that he was successful in reaching Folkestone at 3:30 o'clock the next day, having covered between 50 and 60 miles. Many attempts have been made since to swim the channel, but none have been wholly successful. Fisher and Dalton attempted to swim from Dover to Ramsgate, a feat which Capt. Webb had once performed, but were unsuccessful. In 1897 Peter McNally, of Boston, started from Dover at 11 o'clock, accompanied by a lugger. As a suitable diet he chose beef extract, essence of ginger and chewing tobacco. By eight o'clock exhaustion began to set in and he suffered greatly from cramp; but he went doggedly on until he became delirious and his friends dragged him forcibly into the lugger. The last attempt, and one which was very nearly successful, was that of Frank Holmes, in September, 1898. Starting from Dover, he swam within six miles of the French coast, when, a fog coming on and the wind beginning to rise he abandoned his attempt.

TALE OF TWO CITIES.
In Reality It Is One Community But It Is in Mexico and the United States.

"Some peculiar conditions prevail at the twin cities of Nogales, Mexico, and Nogales, Ariz.," said the Detroit Free Press, "and the Detroit Free Press, according to the Free Press. 'The international boundary line is formed by a street that divides the two towns, and the boundary stakes are set out with a very nice regard for technicalities. There is a saloon there which has more than a local reputation, and the proprietor is certainly an enterprising individual. His saloon is located on the street that divides the two countries and at a point where the dividing line is not clearly defined. The patron of this saloon buys his drink in America, and stepping across the hall, he buys his cigar in Mexico. In this way the proprietor avoids the duty on imported cigars and can provide his customers with the best make at lower prices than most of his competitors."

"They tell an amusing story about an American who imbibed too much fighting whiskey at this saloon. When he arrived at a certain stage he allowed his prejudices to get the best of him, and standing near the boundary line in his own country, he heaped anathemas and hurled defiance at the people across the border. A couple of Mexican officers stood across the street, almost within reach of the pug-nacious American, hoping that he would stroll across into Mexico. He did get over there after awhile, though the trip was wholly unpremeditated. During a harangue against Mexican institutions, and the police in particular, he happened to lurch too far over to starboard and fell into Mexico. The alert cops promptly grabbed him, and, though he didn't get a chance to take in the sights, he paid quite an extended visit to the country he had so eloquently maligned."

A Wise Man's Ignorance.
"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carington? He seems very well informed."

"That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics and who don't know enough not to do it."—Washington Star.

Mutually Pleased.
"I like your nerve!" gasped the beautiful girl, struggling against the inevitable.

"And I like your cheek!" chuckled the young man, as he continued the oscillatory exercises.—Philadelphia Record.

Just So.
Little Elmer (inquiringly)—Pa, what a optimism?

Prof. Broadhead—Optimism, my son, is a whitewash for the blues.—Puck.

TIME TO REVISE THE TARIFF.

The Present Tariff Is Entirely Failing to Protect American Labor.

It has been the constant claim of the protectionists that under the prohibition tariff in the United States the manufacturers were enabled to pay nearly double the wages that are paid in free trade England. Before the McKinley and Dingley tariff had fostered the organization of trusts this was in a measure true, but gradually the wages in both countries have been approaching equality, and now it appears that in the tube industry, which is controlled in this country by the steel trust, the manufacturers of England are paying higher wages than the trust here does.

The National Labor Tribune, which is the organ of the Amalgamated association, says: Since it became known that many of the oldest workers at the National tube works would not be taken back because of the part they played in the strike, representatives of foreign iron mills have come to McKeesport and are enlisting men to go to English mills. An agent for the Lloyd & Lloyd iron and steel works of London, England, arrived at McKeesport Tuesday, and has arranged with a number of tube workers to cross the ocean. A McKeesport agent for the Russell iron works in England is also counting on to go to England to work. Harry Dodge, John Christy and William Peterson, welders at the tube works for many years, have signed contracts for five years with the Lloyd company at higher wages than they received in this country, with free transportation for themselves and families. It is said about that these workers have similar contracts with other employers.

If this exodus of our most skilled workmen is to take place under the domination of the trusts, it will be seen that the present tariff is entirely failing in protection to American labor when they are willing to expatriate themselves to obtain employment.

The two reasons for which the American people have been willing to be bled under the protective tariff are now removed. The infant industries have now become giants and amply able to take care of themselves. The pauper labor of Europe is no longer a competitor against our workmen and in at least one industry, the pauper is transferred to this side of the ocean, so the time has evidently arrived for revising the tariff on the anti-trust basis, which was demanded by the democratic platform of 1900.

A FALSE REPORT NAILED.

Willingness of Republican Journals to Misrepresent Democratic Statements.

Senator Vest has always been noted as a level-headed democrat, and when the daily newspapers reported that he had repudiated the Kansas City platform those who knew him at once thought there was some mistake. The report was soon found to be an entire perversion of his real sentiments. What Senator Vest really said after declaring for a graduated income tax and against trusts and a colonial policy was: "As to free coinage of silver I have always been an earnest bimetalist and have not changed my opinions in the slightest. I do not believe there is enough gold or silver in the world for the just and fair transaction of business, and I look upon the single standard of either gold or silver as doubling the power of oppression by the rich at the expense of the middle or poorer classes. I do not think the question of free coinage of silver is dead, but the abnormal and unexpected production of gold, and especially improvements in the processes of extracting gold from the earth, have given us more money in this country than anyone could have anticipated. We have a larger per capita circulation than any other country in the world except France, and there is no immediate prospect of any decrease."

That is a sensible and statesman-like view of the subject, and the attempt to make him say otherwise is an outrage, but the republican newspapers seem willing to say and do anything to create discord in the democratic ranks.

NO PLACE FOR A RULER.

The Imperialistic Idea of a President Will Not Obtain in America.

In speaking of the president of the United States many newspapers and nearly all the people call him the ruler of the country. This is a great mistake. Under our democratic-republican form of government there can be no rulers, the officers elected are the servants of the people and not their ruler, or are we advanced so far towards imperialism that our officials have in a measure usurped power, that the constitution does not give and assume to rule? Under our new colonial government in the Philippines the army is the ruler, though the farce is being enacted of a civil government and the governor general is a ruler with despotic power, which the military execute, the power being derived from the president. That is imperialism. Ruling other people in that way may accustom the people of the United States to a despotic form of government that in the end they may submit themselves to be ruled, but as long as grass grows and water runs there will be a democracy to resist such usurpation. We want no ruler in this country, we must have honest servants of the people to carry out the work, for the time for which they have been elected.

The Ohio state board of equalization, who are all republicans, refused to equalize the assessment of railroad property as demanded by Mayor Tom Johnson, and they will for another year only pay one-third of the proportion of taxes that other people pay. No wonder the republicans do not want state issues in this fall's campaign.

Perhaps when the plow turns out a furrow from the farmers' pocket they will give more attention to the ticket they vote on election day.

BRYAN TO ROOSEVELT.

Says the President Has Reached the Parting of the Ways and Must Choose His Road.

It will be remembered that Mr. Bryan expressly stated that if he was elected president he would not under any circumstances be a candidate for a second term. He gave strong reasons for this and wishes to impress them on President Roosevelt. In the last issue of the Commonwealth he warns the president of the danger of striving for a second term. He begins by saying Mr. Roosevelt has reached the turning point in his political career, and his cherished ambition is reached. "That ever since his inauguration as vice president he has looked forward to 1904. All at once, as the result of an assassin's shot, he is ushered into the presidency. With what spirit will he enter upon the discharge of his duties? The answer to this question is of tremendous importance to him and to his country."

Mr. Bryan says there is a sentiment against a second term. He accuses Grover Cleveland of indorsing that sentiment, but later ignoring his pledge, and continues: "Mr. Roosevelt will find that there are many things that can be best accomplished by an executive officer who is under no temptation to use the patronage of his office to promote his own reelection. If he will announce his determination not to be a candidate for renomination he will be relieved of a great deal of embarrassment and anxiety, and he will find sufficient strenuous life in an effort to make his administration conspicuous for its honesty and efficiency. If he intends to appear before the next republican convention as a candidate he must prepare to fight the bosses of his party or surrender to them. He is aware of the fact that the republican organization did not look with favor upon his candidacy. President Roosevelt has reached the parting of the ways; which road will he take?"

IMPERIALISM'S PROFITS.

The Balance Is on the Wrong Side in the Investment in the Philippines.

As a commercial investment the Philippines are not proving a great success, the official figures showing that the total imports into the Philippines of goods valued at \$18,000,000 during seven months ended January 31 last, Europe furnished \$9,000,000, or one-half, Asia more than \$7,000,000 and the United States less than \$1,500,000.

Republican statesmen have continually assured the people of the United States that they were to get back from the Philippines through an immense and profitable trade a large dividend on the money they have cost and that the islands would be the best investment the country ever made. This has proven to be an erroneous calculation, as the official figures prove, for the profit on the \$1,500,000 for the seven months cannot be more than 30 per cent, or \$300,000 a year, and the interest at three per cent on the \$20,000,000 paid for the islands is more than that amount. So all the profit of those who export goods to the Philippines will pay nothing on the investment. When we come to figure on the annual outlay of the United States to pay for the increased army and navy that it is necessary to keep there, and with the prospect that this outlay will have to continue for an indefinite time, the outlook to the taxpayers of the United States is not encouraging to say the least.

As the republican party bases its claim for support on entirely commercial grounds on nearly every policy it advocates, from the tariff to imperialism, and as both the policies mentioned are financial failures, is it not about time that new men and new policies were inaugurated for the benefit of the taxpayers who are the whole people of the United States?